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F W Bronscombe 30 Oct 08

# Northern Messenger

VOLUME XLIII. No. 24 MONTREAL, JUNE 12, 1908. 40 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

'For a bit of Sunday reading commend me to the "Northern Messenger."—W. S. Jamieson, Dalton, Ont.

## Ludwig von Beethoven.

Ludwig von Beethoven, the great musician and composer, was born at Bonn on the Rhine, in 1770. His father was a tenor singer in the chapel of the Elector in that town. When Ludwig was only eleven years of age, his performances on the piano excited much admiration, and in his thirteenth year he already composed music. His eminent talents led the Elector to send him to Vienna, where

LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN.

Haydn and Elbrechts-berger exercised great influence over his studies. One day Mozart was invited to come and listen to a young man who was said to possess a great talent for playing off on the piano music which he composed at the moment.

The young man played before the celebrated composer, who listened coldly, though all the other auditors appeared delighted; he told him, when he had finished, that the piece he professed to have composed as he went along, had quite the air of a lesson learned by heart. The young man then begged Mozart to give him an original exercise. Mozart thinking to embarrass him, wrote a piece of great difficulty.

For half an hour the young man performed this exercise and variations on it, with such true genius, that Mozart exclaimed, 'That young man will become great and celebrated.' This young man was Ludwig von Beethoven, he was eighteen when he thus played before Mozart.

Not very long after he became organist to the court. In order to fix him at Vienna, several lovers of music, Archduke Rudolf among them, subscribed to pay him an annual salary. He lived very much in retirement, keeping very much to himself and his art. Nature had not treated him kindly, his health was bad, and he was very deaf. He died unmarried.

Beethoven's published works are very numerous; they embrace every class, and are in all styles. His vocal music is full of beautiful melody and strong feeling. His oratorio, the 'Mount of Olives,' his opera 'Fidelio,' and his two masses, bear testimony to this. Most of his pianoforte music is admirable, but the grandeur of Beethoven's conceptions are most manifest in his orchestral works, his overtures, and more especially in his symphonies.

Beethoven died in March, 1827. In 1845 a statue was erected to his memory in his native town of Bonn. Several stories are told concerning Beethoven's strange ways. His rooms were always in great disorder. The floor of his apartment, which was never swept clean, was strewn with the envelopes of letters, on the chairs lay his valuable melodies, the remains of his breakfast often were left till evening on the window-ledge, and empty bottles rolled out from every corner and cranny when the master of the house was searching for something. He grumbled and scolded terribly, while during the search he threw things into a still greater state of confusion than they were before. The blame of this daily annoyance he laid upon his cook and housekeeper, who was called Frau 'Schnaps.' He maintained that he was himself such a lover of order, that he could find a needle in the middle of the night, unless some one had moved it from the place where he had deposited it.

One great cause of this disorder was the frequent change of his lodgings. He was always irritable and discontented with his quarters. He changed them almost as often as his linen, and thus his possessions fell into endless and increasing confusion. Once the score of his most beautiful symphony, which he had written out afresh quite recently was missing,—a most precious manuscript. For a whole fortnight Beethoven was occupied seeking for it with many angry words. At last it was found. But where? The reader will find it hard to guess. It was discovered in the kitchen used as a wrapper for the butter and bacon!

When the musical spirit came over Beethoven, it did not matter where he was, he must sit down and write his thoughts in notes. Nothing then disturbed him, for he neither saw nor heard what was going on around him. One day a musical thought, which he must write down, suddenly struck him in the streets of Vienna. Fearing lest he should lose it, he entered the nearest house, which happened to be the 'Roman Emperor' hotel. The waiters stared at the man in the grey coat, with the dark, somewhat forbidding face, and rough, unbrushed hair, but he did not seem to observe them, threw his hat on a side-table, and sat down at one of the tables which were laid out for dinner, drew a roll of paper and a little inkstand out of his pocket, and began eagerly to write down his notes.

'Who is this strange man?' one waiter asked of another, but no one knew, for none

of them were acquainted with the great composer. His strange appearance began to amuse the young people.

'Go ask him what he wants,' said one; but it was a long time before any of them could summon up courage to address the bearish-looking stranger.

At last one asked him politely, 'What can I get you, sir?'

Beethoven, as if awaking from a dream, looked up at the waiter with a composed but very fierce expression at being thus disturbed, and said, 'Nothing! But leave me alone!'

This he spoke in such a harsh, angry voice, that the waiter was quite frightened and hastened back to his companions, who could not help laughing aloud. This did not disturb the master; he continued busily writing his notes, beating time with his foot too, and humming aloud the melodies which he wrote down on the paper. This amused the waiters very much, but Beethoven was not in the least disturbed either by their laughter or by the entrance of the guests who gradually filled the large dining-room, and who also were highly entertained at the appearance of the musician writing, humming, and beating time. He did not remark that it was dinner-time, he did not hear the clatter of plates, neither did the smell of the dishes reach his nose.

It was a good thing that one of the guests knew him, or he might have been turned out by the waiters, as he much disturbed the dinner-table. Now one whispered to the other, 'It is Beethoven! Leave him alone, he is composing!'

The dinner lasted full two hours. The guests left the room. There was more rattling of glasses and plates, for the tables were being cleared, but Beethoven went on industriously at his work.

Now the waiter went up to him again, and said, 'Dinner is over, sir; will you not take something now?'

In the greatest state of anger and fury he exclaimed, 'Can you not leave me alone? Be off with you! and let me be quiet!'

The waiter again retired, and Beethoven continued as before, just as if he were at home at his own desk, and no one dared to address any further remarks to him.

At last he suddenly rolled up his manuscript, put the cork into the ink-bottle, and then placed them all in his pocket. He looked cheerfully up into the empty room, and beckoned to the waiter. He came up to him, and Beethoven said, 'I will pay; what do I owe?'

'Why, sir,' said the waiter, 'you have nothing to pay, you have taken nothing at all; shall I bring something now?'

'Very singular,' said Beethoven, 'I feel quite satisfied.' Then he saluted the waiter very graciously, put his hat upon his rough hair, and went away.

When the waiter told the landlord how Beethoven's appetite was satisfied by the notes he composed, he remarked, 'It would be a bad thing for us if we had such guests as that every day.'

A touching story is related of Beethoven which has formed the subject of a very pretty little poem. One evening when the great composer was wandering through the deserted streets of Vienna on his way home, he was suddenly aroused from his usual absent state, by hearing the sounds of a piano accompanying the song of a marvellously beautiful voice. The melody had such a powerful effect on the listener, that he was attracted to the house, and could not help entering it. He went upstairs and reached a room in which there was no other light but the pale beams of the moon which fell through the open window. No one forbade him to enter, no one greeted the stranger, for the young girl who was sitting there at the piano could never see him.

Roused, however, by the sound of a man's step, she got up, and said, timidly, 'Father, is it you come back at last?'

No, it is not your father who has intruded into your room, but a perfect stranger to you, whose name is Beethoven. In the song which you have just sung my spirit was drawn to yours. There was such a depth in your tones which seemed to come from a full heart.'

The pale maiden looked up and greeted him bashfully. 'Alas! I am blind,' she said, 'I have never seen the light of day.'

Tears streamed from her sightless eyes and glittered on her cheeks in the moonlight. The great composer, deeply moved, looked sadly in her face, till at last, to comfort her, he broke his long silence. 'What the Creator has denied you,' he said, 'is only half a world, the other half still remains, and it contains much which is still beautiful. You have music for your inheritance, so dry up your tears, for the happiness which is given you in it outweighs many thousand eyes. Notes, and melodies, and lovely tones, are to you what the splendor of form and color are to us.'

Then Beethoven sat down before the piano. Soon the sweetest tones streamed from the instrument, now gentle as a whisper and full of deep and melancholy feeling; then louder and fuller tones swelling increasingly, till a wild storm on the sea was represented by his notes. Now and then a cry of anguish seemed piteously to penetrate the raging noise of the storm, which at last subsided, and was succeeded by a chant as from a choir of angels. The poor girl smiled happily, her sad face brightened up and the blind maiden for a while quite forgot her trouble.—J. F. C., in 'Chatterbox.'

## Work in Labrador.

### THE KOMATIK.

Two inquiries have come in about the komatik, first, 'How do you pronounce it?' and, secondly—from one of our readers who missed the beginning—'What is a komatik, anyway, and what is it for?' To dispose of the first question is easy. You pronounce it with the emphasis on the first syllable, 'kom,' the short o as in 'not,' and the secondary emphasis on the last syllable, with the short i, as in 'tick.'

Now, what it is; well, it is train, waggon, carriage, ambulance, or any other kind of conveyance that is needed on the Labrador in winter, for it is the only conveyance they have, and what it is like you don't need to be told, for here is the identical komatik in which we are interested, the 'Winter Messenger,' which the readers of the 'Witness' Boys' Page built and ran last year, and for the running of which for this past winter we are collecting the funds again. This photograph is sent to us by Dr. Hare, of Harrington, who has our komatik in charge, and the passenger who seems so much at home in it is Old Peake, the head dog of the team. There are six dogs in evidence in the photograph, but in Dr. Hare's latest letter he says that two of the best dogs in the team, Topsy and Grey, have died of distemper. However, there were others to replace them and the komatik has been busy all winter, carrying the doctor in all directions where his presence was needed. During this past winter Mr. William Wallace Bobbit had the team in charge as the driver, but this spring he resigned and Mr. Sam Cox has taken up the work. The komatik in this photograph is in front of the Harrington Hospital.

Just what is being done in providing and supporting the komatik is easy to think up if you realize that through the winter months it is the only means by which the doctor can reach many of his patients, that without it many would have to suffer and others die without a doctor to even tell them what was wrong, much less bring aid and comfort in the form of medicine, and proper food. The contributions last year built this komatik, fed the dogs all winter and provided for other expenses in connection with its running, but this winter, of course, there was not the initial expense of building the komatik as this is still strong and sturdy, but we do want to be sure of covering all other needs, and we have not enough in yet to do that. Next winter we expect the reindeer to replace the dogs, and so the expense of their feed will drop off, as the deer can forage for themselves. This year, however, the reindeer arrived too late to be of such service.

OUR KOMATIK, 'WINTER MESSENGER.'

## Acknowledgments.

### LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the launch:—Adolphus Andrews, Lambeth, Ont., $2.00; 'One who wishes to help,' Truro, N.S., $1.00; A Friend, $3.00; Total.. .. .. .

[For the Northern Messenger.']

## The Victoria India Orphan Society.

The regular work carried on by this Society among the famine orphans at Dhar, Central India, is progressing most satisfactorily, but for the time being our attention is centred on the grievous condition of millions of our fellow beings in Northern India. For many months famine has desolated large areas, and as time goes on the distress is becoming wider spread. The cost of food has risen enormously, and it is now fully three times its usual price, though the rains which fell in some districts afforded some alleviation, and the last reports received show a slightly decreased number on relief, the general condition remains much the same. Where rain fell it caused a slight drop in the price of foodstuffs, but in other parts the prices are still rising, and are distinctly higher than they were in the terrible famines of 1897 and 1900; this is the case in Central India, in which division the city of Dhar, where our Orphanage work is carried on, is situated. We are made to forcibly realize the very grave state of affairs and the difficulties which face the missionaries, by learning from our latest reports from Dhar that the money provided by the Society for the maintenance of the Orphanage is not sufficient to obtain necessary food for the children, now that the prices are so high. These circumstances being made known to our subscribers and friends, we feel sure they will all, as promptly as possible, send an extra contribution to help to tide over the next few months, as it will be September or October before the benefit of the next harvest can be felt. It is our first duty to provide for those whom we have been privileged to gather into the Orphanage, and then what more is given will be thankfully distributed by the missionaries amongst the many, many sad cases that come under their own observation, extending the relief as far as the funds will allow. The Secretary of State for India recently cabled that aid sent to India now should be distributed through the missionaries. The Government has made tremendous efforts to relieve the suffering people, but it is heartsickening to those who labor amongst them to see how utterly inadequate these measures are to meet all the distress. Nothing less than starvation will persuade the poor creatures to go into the relief camps, where the men only get three cents a day, women two, and children one. Going into these camps also means the absolute breaking up of home, and yet there were over a million and a half wretched sufferers taking shelter in them in March, proving how acute the distress was. Surely all hearts must be touched by the grievous calamity which has befallen such immense numbers of our fellow creatures, and we shall gladly do what little we can to relieve some of the suffering, our sympathy being quickened in the light of our Saviour's words, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto Me.'

The following contributions, specially for Famine Relief, have been received: Miss Nettie Graham, collected, $4.09; Lady Schultz, $25.00; Mrs. Buchanan, $5.00; Mrs. A. M. Fraser, $25.00; Mrs. Russell, $5.00; Mrs. O'Leary, $2.00; Mrs. A. S. Crichton, $25.00; Mrs. Boyd, $5.00; Mrs F. P. Long, $10.00. The Society will thankfully receive contributions for Famine Relief, which should be sent to the Secretary-Treasurer, Mrs. A. S. Crichton, 74 Furby St., Winnipeg.

## What He Saw.

A Chinaman came to a missionary to ask baptism. When asked where he had heard the Gospel, he answered that he had never heard the Gospel, but had seen it. He then told of a poor man at Ningpo, who had once been a confirmed opium smoker and a man of violent temper. This man had learned about the Christian religion, and his whole life was altered—he gave up the opium and became loving and amiable. 'Oh,' said the candidate for baptism, 'I have not heard the Gospel, but I have seen it.'—Selected.

LESSON,—SUNDAY, JUNE 21, 1908.

## Review.

Read I. Corinthians xv., 1-20.

## Golden Text.

But these things are written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through his name. John xx., 31.

## Home Readings.

Monday, June 15.—John x., 1-18.
Tuesday, June 16.—John xiv., 1-8.
Wednesday, June 17.—John x., 1-27.
Thursday, June 18.—John xix., 17-42.
Friday, June 19.—I. Cor. xv., 1-20.
Saturday, June 20.—John xx., 1-18.
Sunday, June 21.—John xxi., 1-25.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

The teacher's problem of retaining the attention of young children, especially in a review where so much ground is to be covered, is always rendered easier by having something visible to attract attention. Of course, in the infant class where the picture roll is in use the brightly colored pictures serve, but in the immediately higher classes the blackboard or its substitute must supply the need. Another important point to remember is always to start from the ground of a child's present knowledge. In this review a query as to who we have been studying about lately will surely bring the ready response 'Jesus.' This then is the starting point, and the teacher may draw a large circle on the blackboard, placing the name of Jesus in the centre in a small circle. Tell the scholars that just as all the spokes of a wheel meet in the centre all the lessons we are to review centre about Christ. Divide the circle into twelve parts by drawing lines from the centre small circle to the circumference and assign one space for each lesson. It does not matter if you draw rather roughly; to draw so in the class so that the children can watch the progress is far better than to bring neat work all complete to talk on. Start at the top of the circle with the first compartment and speak of Christ the good shepherd. Draw above this compartment a shepherd's crook to keep this lesson in the children's mind as you proceed. A rough representation of an Eastern tomb open will serve to symbolize the raising of Lazarus; a sketch of a common long table for the supper at Bethany when Mary anointed Christ's feet; a jug and basin, for Christ's washing the disciples' feet; a city gate with rays of light above, to suggest the Heavenly Home; a hand pointing, to represent the guidance of God's Holy Spirit; two trees, for the garden of Gethsamane; a cross, for the crucifixion; the rising sun, to typify the resurrection; a closed door, to stand for the closed room in which Christ met his disciples; the outline of a shore with two boats on the water, a boat, a fish or any such thing to recall the meeting in Galilee, and over the last section, standing for the review lesson, the word 'Come.' Talk briefly of the lesson while drawing these simple objects and the children watching will readily connect the incident with the symbol. When all are finished return over your way, asking what each lesson teaches about Jesus as:—1. Jesus helps and cares for us as a shepherd does for his sheep. 2. Jesus is able to raise our dead bodies to life. 3. Jesus accepts any service we do for love of him. 4. Jesus expects us to be willing to help each other. 5. Jesus is preparing a home for us in heaven. 6. Jesus has given us a guide who will always help us here on earth. 7. Jesus suffered all alone for us, for all his disciples left him in the garden of Gethsemane. 8. Jesus died for us. 9. Jesus rose again. 10. Jesus will always drive away our doubts and fears if we are in earnest. 11. Jesus will pardon our sins as he did Peter's. 12. Jesus will accept us, so let us come to him. As much as possible while going over like this to draw out the lesson truths, let the children themselves recall the lessons for which the symbols stand.

FOR THE SENIORS.

What these eleven lessons teach about Christ should form as much the subject of review for the older as for the younger scholars. The last twelve chapters of John are included, and the time in our Lord's life is the last six months of his earthly life and the forty days after resurrection. As the golden text for the quarter suggests, it may be well to see in what way John's use of these lessons serves to prove the divinity of Christ, and in what way they can be so applied to ourselves that we, personally, may 'have life through his name.' If the class is large enough one chapter may be assigned to each scholar to summarize, and these summaries be read in class. A question as to what truth with which these lessons deal is least understood by Christians, or least acted upon to-day, is likely to bring up a helpful discussion as to the practical application of the Christianity we profess. The chapters are full and wonderfully beautiful, and the main point is to get the scholars to look them up in private study.

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.')

Our Responsibility. 'An eminent Scotch divine imagined this conversation to have taken place between Jesus and Gabriel after the ascension of our Lord from Mount Olivet:

'"You must have suffered greatly for those people down there," he supposes the angel to have said to the Master:

'"Yes, Gabriel, a great deal more than any of my creatures can understand."

'"Do they all know about the great sacrifice you have made for them?"

'"No, only a very few of them know about it—a few only in Judea and Galilee."

'"What provision have you made for telling others the glad tidings?"

'"I have asked those who do know about it to tell others whom they may meet, and these again to pass the news on to others, and those to still another circle of hearers, and so on until the end of time."

'"But what if they should forget?" was the supposed solemn inquiry of the angelic questioner.

'"I have no other plan."'—R. F. Miller, D.D.

## Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, June 21.—Topic—How to get and keep a situation. Gen. xxxix., 1-6; xli., 38-44.

## C. E. Topic.

Monday, June 15.—Christ teaching the people. Mark vi., 30-34.

Tuesday, June 16.—Christ healing the people. Luke ix., 10, 11.

Wednesday, June 17.—Christ's words to the people. John vi., 25-27.

Thursday, June 18.—The bread from heaven. John vi., 30-34.

Friday, June 19.—The bread of life. John vi., 35.

Saturday, June 20.—Feeding the four thousand. Mark viii., 1-9.

Sunday, June 21.—Topic—How Jesus fed five thousand people. Mark vi., 35-44.

## Sunday School Offer.

Any school in Canada that does not take 'The Messenger' may have it supplied free on trial for three weeks on request of Superintendent, Secretary or Pastor, stating the number of copies required.

N.B.—Ask For Our Special Year End Offer.

# Correspondence

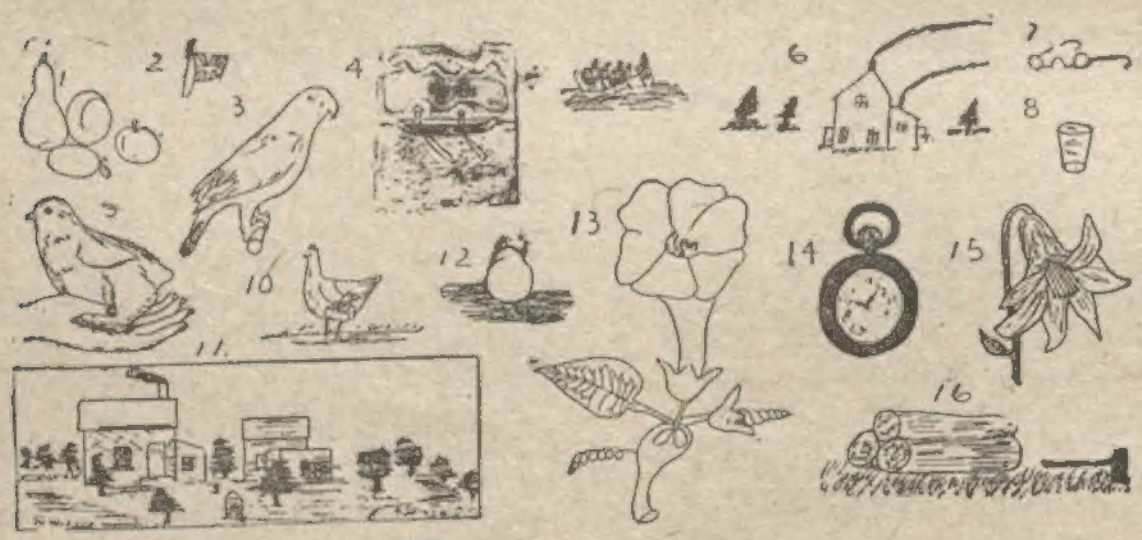
P. H., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I live in Guysboro Co. in a pretty little seaside village called Port Hillford. My father is a sea captain. He goes each year to the Labrador, trading. His schooner's name is 'Mona.' Don't you think it is a nice name? I have a dog named Rover, a very knowing little fellow too. Each week the S.S. 'Scotia' calls at Port Hillford and when Rover hears her blow coming up water drops from ledge to ledge. There is a strong sulphur spring near the falls. The water is considered very healthy. The City of St. Catharine's water works reservoir is in front of our house. It supplies this city with water. We live about a mile from the Hamilton Cataract Power Company's power house. There are large bodies of water near our house, which supply the power house with power.

JOHN GRIFFITHS (age 12).

S., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I think that the boys and girls could make our Correspondence Page



OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Fruit.' Vera S. S. M., N. W. H., N.S.
2. 'Our Flag.' Glen Elder (age 8), H., P. E.I.
3. 'A Parrot.' Jennette MacKinnon (age 10), M., P. Que.
4. 'Rowing.' Emily McEwen (age 12), W., Ont.
5. 'Indians and Canoe.' Victor Childs (age 10), Toronto.
6. 'House.' Willie Brown (age 12), V. H., Ont.
7. 'Glasses.' I. G. J. (age 6), Fairfax, Man.
8. 'Glass.' Ernest Brown (age 10), V. H., Ont.
9. 'A Little Chick.' Myrel Cox (age 14), A., Ont.
10. 'Going to Market.' Harold Davies, W. R., Man.
11. 'The Good Old Farm.' W. Wilson (age 14), Toronto.
12. 'A Cat.' D. M. McRae (age 9), G., Ont.
13. 'Morning Glory.' Ethel Gainforth (age 12), W., Ont.
14. 'Watch.' Annie McQue (age 8), S., Ont.
15. 'Flower.' Grace Stirtan (age 9), S., Ont.
16. 'Logs and an Axe.' Rae Cowan (age 10), Toronto.

the harbor he generally is the first on the wharf. Our place is not very large. We have a schoolhouse, Baptist church, and three general stores. My uncle owns one of them, and is also postmaster. I often go fishing on the harbor with him and think it great fun. I intend to be a captain like papa.

HENRY CAVELOCK R.

G., P. Que.

Dear Editor,—Our school closed at the end of April. I did not get the prize, but I got promoted from the third to the fourth book. My father owns the oldest grist and carding mill in Quebec, it is over a hundred years old. He is the third generation working it. My great grandfather's name was John Crooks. When my grandfather came here it was all woods. People who came to the mill had to carry their grain on a horse's back, for there were no roads, only a little footpath. My great grandfather owned the flour mills in Montreal. They were driven by a wind-mill and were built in Griffintown. Now the Ogilvies have their mill on the property and gave the land for the St. Stevens Church to be built on.

ZILLA A. CROOKS (age 11).

T., Ont.

Dear Editor,—De Cew Falls is not a very large place, but it is important all the same. It is the place where Laura Secord came to warn Fitzgibbon that the Americans had crossed the river. In fact, I live in the house where Colonel Fitzgibbon was stationed. The house is now over one hundred years old. I live near the De Cew Falls, which are about seventy feet high. Quite a volume of water goes over this fall, enough to run a cider mill, a grist mill, and a saw mill. There is another fall about one hundred feet below this one, which is about thirty feet high. It is much prettier than the first one, as the even more interesting if each of us would tell of some little incident that they have experienced, and, as the saying goes, 'Practice what you preach,' I will try to start the ball a rolling. A few days ago as a friend and I were walking through the woods, we noticed something ahead of us that looked very much like a pile of logs, but as we went on, we could see that it had a window and a door. We went up and knocked at the door. It was opened, and a man about forty-eight years old asked us in. His beard was long, and his clothes looked as if they had not seen water for about as many months as he was years old. He asked us to sit down, so we did so. In one corner of the room stood a bed with some dirty bedclothes on it, and in the middle of the floor an old table without even an oilcloth. There were boards all around for seats, and an old-fashioned stove, with something cooking in a big black kettle for his dinner. In another corner stood a big, old-fashioned cupboard. The walls were only logs, just the same as the outside. The man was very kind, and after a while told us the story of his life as follows: Dear boys, I was a good boy once, brought up in a Christian home. I had received a fairly good education, and went to the city to earn a livelihood. There I got among bad companions and soon forgot about the church and the Bible. My companions seemed to me to be good fellows, and after being coaxed and bothered I took that first drink, which was the start of my ruin. I started also to play games of chance, go to the theatres, and do everything that was bad, even scoffing and laughing at ministers and Christians. When nearly ruined I hired out to a farmer. This checked my downfall a little, as there were no hotels for miles around and the city was a long way off. The farmer was very kind, and so I stayed. The light of the home was a very beautiful daughter. In a short time we married, and after the death of her parents we moved to the city. I soon started to drink heavily again, and it was the old story of the drunkard's home, ending in my dear wife's death. Upon her deathbed she prayed and pleaded with me to pledge myself never to touch liquor again. And thank God it has never touched my lips since that day. I came here right away, so as to be away from the temptation. I make my living by trapping, and read my Bible every day. When we left him we walked home in a very thoughtful mood. Needless to say we have signed the pledge, and we are sure all the boys and girls would if they had heard him tell his sad story.

JOHN R. (aged 13).

H., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I got my watch. Papa caught a wild cat this winter. In the summer I go to Grindstone Islands for a visit. My uncle lives there and keeps the lighthouse. I live at the foot of Shepody Mountain. My sister and I went with mamma to Boston two years ago.

GUY F. RUSSELL.

OTHER LETTERS.

Marion Arthur, L., Man., writes, 'I have six chickens, but am getting some more soon.' All your own, Marion? What do you do with them?

Mae Barnard, B., P.E.I., is expecting a little cousin from Boston. 'I am looking forward to having a good time.'

Lillian P. Craig, E. S. R., N.S., has two sisters, 'but they are both away.'

William Harold Hetherington, T., Ont., says, 'I just love to read and have read all the good books in the school library. I joined the Public Library a few weeks ago.' See that you get only the good books then, young man.

Vera S. S. M., N. W. H., N.S., is visiting her grandmother now. 'I am having a nice time.' Well, of course. With a grandma, that goes without saying.

Ada Sobey, P., N.S., sends a story which will go in later.

Rowena Smith, R., Ont., had a little sister with scarlet fever just about examination time. That was too bad, but so long as little sister got well, that's the main thing.

Ethel Doan, C., Ont., sends a riddle, but forgot to enclose any answer.

Arline Thomas, B. C., P. Que., has no sisters, but 'I have seven dolls and enjoy playing with them.' Your riddle has been asked before, Arline.

We also received short letters from Ethel Gainforth, W., Ont.; William Matthew Wilson, Toronto, and Norman Wightman, B., Ont.


## A June Picture Gallery.

Among the varied pictures that fill the June 'Canadian Pictorial,' are:—A portrait of the Hon. L. J. Tweedie, Lieut.-Governor of New Brunswick, Typical Canadian spring scenes, orchards in full bloom, some capital pictures of the thrilling incidents connected with the recent disaster to H.M.S. 'Gladiator,' a page of pictures, specially taken for the 'Pictorial' by a Canadian in Calcutta, of Britain's Indian troops, the Canadian Building at the Franco-British Exhibition in London, the room at 10 Downing Street, where the Cabinet meets, the old fashioned brick oven still in use by many a French-Canadian housewife, Doukhobors farming in the West, Characters from the Merchant of Venice, Revival of Coaching in England, etc., etc. A timely article deals with the new system of providing playgrounds for children. The Woman's Dept. contains a portrait of Mrs. Tweedie, wife of Lieut.-Governor Tweedie, also its usual quota of fashion and household hints, patterns, etc., the whole making up a delightful number that any home would enjoy. Ten cents a copy. One dollar a year to all parts of the world.

**With the 'Messenger,' the two for $1.00**

**In Canada or Great Britain.**

The 'Pictorial Publishing Co.,' 142 St. Peter street, Montreal.

# BOYS AND GIRLS

## The Spendthrift.

(Katharine Tynan, in the 'Argonaut.')

He left so little, did you say?
He had so brief a time to stay.
  'Twas hardly worth his while to gather
Dross of our little earthly day.

The things that other people prize
He gave to others, being wise,
  Being so heavenly foolish rather,
That he kept his gains for Paradise.

Hardly a keepsake did he leave,
And all his gold was fugitive.
  He kept those things that will not perish,
For him the widow and orphan grieve.

He gave with a light laugh indeed,
And all his gold were ill agreed;
  Held it the poorest thing to cherish,
Saved that it filled another's need.

He had his Pilgrim's Scrip of Hope,
And Living Waters in his cup,
  The Staff of Life that still suffices
The stumbling soul, to lift it up.

Being so soon a traveller,
Of earthly things he had no care;
  But on the road that's Paradise
He went the lighter, being bare.

## The Reformation of the Twins.

(By Elizateth Cumings, in the 'Union Signal.')

Anna Mary and Mary Anna roomed just across the hall from me, and despite studied inattention I could not help overhearing some things. For example, I could not help knowing they had to be called at least three times every morning, and that one or the other and oftenest both had daily to be sent back to their room to remedy some neglect of toilet. They were pretty, slim, brown-haired, brown-eyed girls, kind-hearted and quick-witted, but they had an ingrained dislike of taking pains. 'Mamma is very particular,' they explained to me once when opportunity offered; 'she never slights anything. She does not understand how it can come natural to us not to take pains every time, and she forgets we're only fourteen.'

Four blocks away Lake Superior broke in green-white rollers upon the rocks. For miles the strongest swimmer would seek in vain for a place where he could escape its icy waters, from which the bodies of the drowned never rise, since they perhaps do not undergo the necessary chemical changes. One-third of the iron output of the United States comes from Ishpeming, a large part of it the precious Bessemer ore which is nearly pure iron. About the Calumet copper which is ready to stamp into pennies just as found, it is unnecessary to speak, nor yet of the wheat and corn that all summer sail from Duluth to Chicago and Buffalo. But this tremendous commerce compels great care along this dangerous coast. On the fairest summer day this greatest fresh water lake in the world always has trails of clouds along its horizon, 600 feet above sea level, and in places over 1,200 feet deep, it belongs to the north, and what may be a chilly spring rain on land may be a blinding snowstorm on the water. As for fogs and sudden storms, they are a part of the regular weather.

One bright morning the twins and I went out to the volcanic promontory jutting out beyond Iron Bay to sketch. On the highest point was a lighthouse, and behind it, crouching low among wild roses and junipers, was the keeper's home. It was not a day when the public could see the lamp. It said so on the front door. Through the glass on either side of it we easily saw that this door opened into a lobby, which in turn opened into the round tower in which rose the winding iron stairway that went up to the light. We passed on and found a sheltered spot shadowed by rocks guttered and seamed by milleniums of sunshine and of storm till they suggested sad, venerable faces. Then we set to work. But if the front door was not open, the back door was, and the pretty wife of the keeper was perhaps both lonely and inquisitive. She strolled over to us and began to chat.

'Some peoples fancy dere did was no birds here,' she said, her Swedish complexion becoming exquisitely rose-pink in her effort to command perfect English. 'If everybody always look at de lake he see nossing close by.' She pointed at the rocks at the water's edge below us where, now sedately walking, now apparently daintily dancing, was the droll, Tell-Tale Snipe, sometimes called 'Little Cu-Cu.' His slender yellow legs and speckled body were curiously vivid in the radiant light. In the scrub pines above us to the left something gray and sprite-like darted, calling with faint sweetness, 'Chebec! Chebec!' 'Dat Chebec have a nest near de house,' went on Mrs. Lighthouse. 'An' does,' she pointed at a little company of juncoes noiselessly hunting a luncheon in the grass and moss to our right, 'we have mos' all summer. Me, I have time to see more as visitors, of course. When de children are gone to school, and my husband have cleaned de lamp—he do it beautiful—why, den I troo, too, an' I may sit an' sew an' look. He have gone up to de city my husband already, with the front door key in his pocket, but—if you would like to see dose lamp, an' will promise to touch nossings,' she looked gravely at the twins, then with a deep blush of apology at me, 'I will take you up. You must excuse me, but I have to ask you not to touch nossings.'

The twins declared in one breath they would not touch anything. So we set out to see what Mrs. Lighthouse evidently held was the most important object in Marquette. The tiny kitchen into which we first went was painted bright sky-blue and was speckless. We climbed four steps and found ourselves in a tiny, speckless sitting-room, then we passed into the tower and up the spiral stairs. Every window was shut tight, for air may hold dust. I held my breath as the young wife lifted the tarpaulin covering the perfectly polished angles of the glass reflector. It shone like a monster diamond.

'What would happen if I were to touch it?' demanded Mary Anna, who was always the twin to speak first when they did not speak together. She had extended her right forefinger perilously near the glass. 'What would happen if I were to touch it?' echoed Anna Mary, thrusting out her forefinger.

Mrs. Lighthouse turned quite pale. 'I should tell my husband the moment he come in, and he would spend one, two hours, mebbe, repolishing,' she said, her lips quivering.

The girls dropped their hands abashed. Mrs. Lighthouse covered the lamp, and we went down the stairs in silence. When we reached the little sitting-room the girls broke out in apologies. 'We wouldn't have touched it for anything,' they cried. 'We didn't mean to be rude. I guess we were trying to be funny,' explained Mary Anna, her cheeks flushing. 'You must excuse us. It was dreadful after your kindness.'

Oh, I onnerstan',' replied Mrs. Lighthouse, gravely, though she smiled back at the two; 'but, you see, you not onnerstan'. Prob'ly not anywhere but in a lighthouse, th' best not too good all de time every minute.'

'You talk just like mamma,' said Mary Anna. We sat down as by a common impulse and without invitation. It was plain Mrs. Lighthouse wanted us to and that she had something to say. 'Do I was borned in Sweden, I only remember this lake,' she began. 'It was furder west I was always live in a lighthouse, too, an' de broder to my moder he sailed all th' season from Duluth to Buffalo.'

Her strong feeling gave her speech indescribable inflections and shades of sound not to be conveyed in cold print. It was as if her nationality asserted itself past control. 'My fader keep de light, my moder keep him, de house, us. De broder to my moder come to us in de winter sometime, and we love him more as anybody after our fader an' our moder. Of course, dat light o' ours shine. Well, well! My moder mek de house to shine too, for dus' travel roun'. Every now an' den de inspector come. He look everywhere. Some places he look onner de betts. He say peoples not to be trusted who have dus' onner betts. Well, well! He never fine no dus' at our home. No; my moder say always, "De bes' is good enough." Well, well, it was one September, an' a great fog came, an' den snow, an' de boat of de broder to my moder driff out her way, an' she strike rocks an' go down, down! My boder like as you two. She twin. Her brother, he her twin, an' she mourn, an' mourn, an' die.

'My!' breathed the twins, and Mary Anna put her arm about the waist of Anna Mary, who clasped her sister's hand.

'Dat boat of de broder of my moder go down in sight of a lamp,' continued Mrs. Lighthouse. 'Perhaps it was not den as now, and everybody so watched by government. But it was often I hear my fader say dat lamps out o' order. Yes, often he say, "Dat feller dere, he tek tings easy, an' when de storm come, de lamp out o' border." Ever so little out o' border means a dimness, an' a dimness may mean darkness out at sea, an' dat may mean death to somebody, or many somebodys, other peoples love as my moder love her twin. Dat mek me p'tic'lar, for sometime perhaps quick, with no time to get ready, you mus' do somet'ing very p'tic'lar, or somet'ing happen.'

A trim, slim man, in a blue cap and white duck coat, came briskly up the kitchen steps. Mrs. Lighthouse introduced him as, 'My husband.'

'I enjoy my work,' he said pleasantly, when we had told him our names. 'Of course, it is in a way humdrum, but perhaps all work is more or less so, and doing things over and over brings a good deal to pass.'

The light had changed. A vague, white film obscured the blue-black line that half an hour before had sharply cut the great lake from a magnoli-tinted sky. The wind had freshened. The water licked up, then combed over the rocks the Tell-Tale snipe had danced upon. We gave up sketching.

'That keeper's good measure,' said the Old Resident, when I spoke of our visit to the lighthouse at the dinner-table. 'I s'pose he did not mention that one fall he repaired the great fog-horn below his light during a storm which had disabled it in some strange way, and the waves were pounding where you sat, and it was more than his life was worth to venture a moment.'

'No,' I said, 'he did not mention it.'

'Living beside Superior's a good place to find out what's in folks,' was the answer. 'For that matter, we show out anywhere we are put to a test.'

I noted thereafter the twins rose in the morning without being called, and I heard their mother's voice no more in chiding for little essentials neglected. 'We've gone in for being 'p'ticular,' like Mrs. Lighthouse,' confided Mary Anna, when the two bade me good-bye for the summer. 'Yes, we have,' added Anna Mary, 'and it's just like music. It takes practice, practice, practice. But Mrs. Lighthouse was right. "The best is good enough," especially in first things.'

## A Word of Encouragement.

The 'Independent' tells a story about a young girl, who, under the ministration of a coarse teacher, had seemed very stupid. The school was to be divided, and a new teacher, Mr. W., was to take charge of the new school. He visited the old school just before the division was effected, and here is the ensuing story as told.

'Mr. X. courteously invited Mr. W. to take charge of the class then in recitation—a class in the ever-memorable Colburn's "Mental Arithmetic."

'"The pupils have their numbers; read a problem, and call on some number for the solution," he said.

'Mr. W. took the book, read out a problem, and called on No. 8 to solve it.

'"Oh," said Mr. X. in disgust, "don't call on her; she never can do anything."

'Mr. White glanced along the line, and at once identified No. 8—the sensitive, shrinking face drooping in an agony of shame and misery. He grasped the situation at once.

"I will read it again," he said, gently, "so that you may be sure you understand it." He then read it, slowly and clearly, and then walked down the line of pupils, and stood by No. 8, so that he was between her and Mr. X., the sight of whom, he perceived, filled her with confusion and terror.

'"Now, you can do it," he said, reassuringly; and to her own delighted astonishment, little No. 8, who had never had the courage to speak an audible word to Mr. X., spoke up distinctly, and went through the solution without a hitch.

'"The child came home from school that day perfectly transfigured," said her mother. "I could not believe my eyes when I looked at her."'—The 'Christian.'

## Canal-boat Kate.

(By Ada Melville Shaw, in the 'Epworth Herald.')

'Yes, you are all the time talking about Canal-Boat Kate—which is Kate? The old chestnut mare or the woman in the boat?'

Uncle Ebb was sitting on the wide front veranda with his book of sketches, and the one from which the picture on this page is copied was in his hand. Tom and Jerry, his twin nephews, bored each an elbow into his knee on either side. They had been through that sketch book time and time again, but it was still new, although they pretended by all sorts of questions that they had never heard anything about the 'times' Uncle Ebb enjoyed when he made the sketches—that wonderful summer when he rolled down the side of a cliff, broke both ankles, had to live in a fisherman's hut for weeks and did nothing but listen to yarns and make pictures.

'Now, see here,' said Uncle Ebb, holding the picture of the canal boat at arm's length and squinting at it out of the corner of his eye, 'I've got a proposition to make. It's worth something to know both of those Kates! The mare, she's Kate, and Kate—why, she's Kate, too, only you say it different when you mean her and everyone seems to know which you mean. I've got a proposition to make. Who's in for the job?'

'Is it a hard job?' said Tom, who was thin and pale and walked a little lame.

'Will it take long?' said Jerry, who was fat and rosy, and never walked when he could run.

'Well, it all depends. It is this: The man' (Tom and Jerry loved to be called men by their Uncle Ebb) 'who does the hardest kind of things between now and the end of school and does them best, gets to go to the canal and see Canal-Boat Kate.'

Two squeals split the air.

'But if it's a tie—what if it's a tie?' shouted Jerry.

'Who's to be the judge?' shouted Tom.

'There will be three judges, so it cannot be a tie,' said Uncle Ebb. 'The judges will be declared later.'

'Whoop-ee! !'

It was a double whoop all welded into one. The boys knew Uncle Ebb. He was fair and he was kind—jolly kind. The 'man' who failed to see Canal-Boat Kate would not be left entirely in the lurch (only the twins called it 'suds').

Five busy weeks flew away and school was 'out.'

Uncle Ebb took the boys away for a ramble through the fields, and sitting down under the shade of a big oak tree, drew out the dearly beloved sketch book.

'Now, then, what have you been doing?'

'Is it time to judge? Where are the judges? We haven't done anything!'

The twins always spoke half together and mixed up so that no one could tell one breath from the other.

'One at a time. Get still, Tom, my man! Flop down, Jerry, my other man. Lie flat on your backs, that's it. Now think for ten minutes, think hard and then tell me what's been done. Jerry will tell Tom's story and Tom Jerry's. You're never apart, so that's fair. Backs flat—THINK!'

Jerry giggled. He meant to tell Uncle Ebb that if Tom was 'on the square' he would say that ten minutes' straight thinking was the hardest work either one of them could do and it would have to be a tie.

THE OLD CANAL.

After a bit, when Mr. Thought really got hold of the lads' minds, the thinking was done in sober earnest and it seemed only a minute when Uncle Ebbs called 'time!'

Up came the backs.

'Now, Jerry, you're a minute or so bigger than Tom, so your report comes first. What's Tom been up to that's worth while and hard?'

'Didn't blot his themes—not a once.'

'That's easy!' blurted in Tom, only to be squelched by the solemn faced uncle.

'Tell a connected story if you can, Jerry.'

'Well, sir,' said Jerry, looking affectionately at his brother, 'he did a whole lot of hard things. He whispered round one whole day when mother had a sick headache and didn't forget a single solitary one time. I forgot every other time. Then he walked a mile to take a lost puppy home. That was tough 'cause his foot hurt. Once there wasn't pie enough to go round and——'

'"Taint fair—telling those things!' cried Tom, getting red in the face and punching his twin to make him keep still. 'Just you wait till my turn comes!'

'Go on, Jerry—anything more?'

'Why, I don't know, sir. He's always doing hard things—doing them up good and splendid—splinkum, you know. Why, you know old Tom, don't you?'

Uncle Ebb nodded and something shone in the corner of his eyes that looked like a dewdrop. The love of his 'man' Jerry and his 'man' Tom for each other was very beautiful to him.

'Well, Tom, my man, what have you to tell?'

'It don't seem fair,' grumbled Tom. 'I was thinking all sorts of things—different.'

'Well, pitch in, and let's have them.'

'He licked a fellow that made fun of me because I'm lame. He couldn't help it, 'cause the fellow said he'd thrash me if Jerry didn't thrash him. The fellow knew we don't believe in fighting.'

'Yes, and what do you suppose he did, Uncle Ebb?' cut in Jerry. 'He'd a quarter—yes, I am going to tell!—he had a quarter saved up to buy him some stamps for his collection and he went and bought arnica and sticking plaster to fix the fellow up so's he could go out with his mother to a concert that night! I call that tough!'

'Go on, Tom, what next?'

'O, he's always doing things, but there was one thing——'

Tom hesitated. There seemed to be some trouble with cherry or marble or a crab-apple in his throat.

'Why, you see, when you're out with a lot of fellows and it's prayer-time—'

'O, quit!' implored Jerry, but Tom went right on.

'—why lots of them don't know enough to say their prayers at night and think you're a softy, but that time when we went over the lake and got caught in the storm and had to sleep crowded into the cabin, Jerry he kneeled right down and said his prayers—and made me, too, I was glad to do it, but I was scared to start in.'

'Was it hard, Jerry, man?' said Uncle Ebb, softly, and Jerry nodded.

Uncle Ebb thought for a long while.

'The two judges have spoken,' he said at

length. 'I cast the deviding vote. It seems to me you're twins in more things than being born on the same day. Seems to me you've both done the hardest kind of jobs.

'And it seems to me since Canal-Boat Kate is one and Canal-Boat Kate is another, and you two men are one and two at the same time, the thing is so mixed——'

The twins did not stop to hear the rest. Backs were flat in an instant. Over and over they rolled toward each other, and for a space of seconds Uncle Ebb could only see one kicking, squirming, whooping animal with four legs and no arms at all, for each man was trying to hug the breath out of the other. Each one knew his twin was the better man!

So they both saw the originals of the sketch—the old brown mare, the wife of the canal-boatman, whose name was Kate, too, the weather-beaten, beautiful, smelly, perfectly delicious old canal-boat—and all the rest of it.

## Do Your Best.

A Glasgow minister was moving along one of the streets meditating, and only half-conscious of where he was, and as he strode along he left his starchy clerical dignity behind him and began whistling a well-known tune, just as if he had been in the solitude of a Highland glen. A wee birkie of a street laddie followed his reverence closely up, noting his musical performance, and, on the first opportunity, put in—'I could do better than that.' 'Could you?' was the response. 'Let me hear you.' Out strikes the laddie with the tune, and the minister had to admit he had done better than himself. 'Yet,' added he, 'I could do better than that,' and started again. The wee man, standing open-mouthed, waited to the end of the clerical performance, and then burst in reprovingly—'But hoo did you do't like yon, when you could do't like that?' We should always do our best, as we never know who is watching to copy or reprove us.—'Temperance Leader.'

## Pen and Ink Culture.

'I don't see any use in so much writing!' exclaimed a young girl student. 'Writing—writing on topics I don't know anything about, care anything about, or have any use for.'

Her aunt, Mrs. S——, a successful author, smiled; for she had memories of rebellious school days.

'Well, let's see,' she finally said. 'What are the advantages of much writing for a young student? First, it improves the penmanship.'

A merry peal of laughter stopped her short.

'Papa, for instance. He has done nothing but write up law papers for twenty years, and see the beautiful result,' holding up a paternal epistle which indeed rivaled Egyptian hieroglyphics.

Mrs. S—— joined in the laugh, and acknowledged her point not well taken.

'Second it improves one's grammar. In speaking the words usually go out on the air and melt into nothingness, while only the thought transmitted remains. But in the writing the words abide to stare one in the face, with disagreeing substantives and predicates, nouns and pronouns, verbs and adverbs, jarring upon one's nerves, and crying persistently for harmony.

This was admitted, and, warming with her subject, she proceeded:

'Writing enlarges and enriches one's vocabulary. When the words lie before us in black and white we note the tiresome repetition of adjectives; we feel the lack of exact meaning in some words employed, and we seek the dictionary for relief.

'Writing aids greatly in concentration. How a bit of paper and a pen or pencil will hold the mind to a subject till one is utterly oblivious of passing millinery and buttoned cadets'—a pair of rosy hands covered her lips here, and she was forced to admit that she was straining this point. But unabashed, she continued:

'Writing puts thoughts into concrete shape. It does for the thinker what plaster does for the sculptor. It shapes his thought so he can handle it, manipulate it, beautify it, perfect it.

'Then,' Mrs. S—— went on, after a moment, 'the habit of writing proves a great safety valve in times of indignation and anger. When I am attacked with righteous or unrighteous indignation, I just write it out fully and minutely; then I lock the document up for a whole week (this is an imperative requisite), and at the end of that time I invariably burn the paper and my wrath.

'Lastly, and best of all to me,' she went on softly, 'there are things which cannot be spoken—sweet thoughts, which are shy; tender thoughts all a-tremble in speech; sad thoughts too full of tears for words.'

They sat in silence a minute, and then, with the energy of the twentieth-century girl, she inquired: 'What form of writing is most helpful?'

'Prose usually for the beginner. But for real mental gymnastics, pruning superfluities, strengthening the style and fitting words, tuning the ear to rhyme and rhythm, beautifying form and figure, give me poetry. It is the best mental gymnasium.'—'Kind Words.'

## Ping-ti's Discoveries.

(Ruth Winant, in the 'Sunday School Times.')

Grandfather Fang had died, and that left thirteen-year-old Ping-ti and his grandmother who was over eighty, alone in the wee wooden house on the hillside of Nan-yang. Alone, that is, save for the occasional visits of Uncle Han-chu. This was two years ago, when outside their home, by his grandfather's grave, faithful grandma Fang daily burned paper money, so that her husband might not be in want in the spirit world to which she supposed he had gone. And to his grave she hobbled twice a day on her three and a half inch feet to leave him a bowl of food lest he be hungry; while before a piece of wood, called an ancestor tablet, her oldest son, Han chu bowed reverently upon each visit, to worship his father's spirit.

Ping-ti was a live boy, and he doubted the commonsense of these doings. In the dead of a memorable night he crept into the yard where the grave lay, to see if grandfather Fang's spirit rose from the ground to eat the rice and fruit placed there, or, with trembling fingers to grasp the paper money. How creepy he felt out alone under the stars! He never forgot it. Ten minutes, twenty minutes—still he watched, straining his eyes in the darkness. An hour passed, and in the dead silence a frightened rat scurrying across the ground alone broke the stillness, and made Ping-ti's heart beat like a trip-hammer. But no angry spirit came to condemn the midnight-watcher, or to take the food prepared.

Ping-ti slipped back into the house, convinced that he was a discoverer, and that his discovery that spirits didn't need things of this world, was one that would shake the empire were it known.

A few days after this the tenants at the end of the winding street moved out, and in the rubbish left Ping-ti found an ancestral tablet.

'I wonder,' he thought, 'if one of a man's three spirits really lives in that piece of wood, after his death?'

Often before he had wondered when he saw Uncle Han-chu bow before the tablet of his grandfather. Now, as he questioned, he grew more bold, and finally decided to light the tablet and see what would happen. Gingerly he started the flame, but the wood was wet, and it sputtered and groaned like a living thing, until in terror the boy dropped it and fled, as if for his life. Then, ashamed of his folly, he came back, a few moments later, to find the revered tablet a mound of smouldering ashes. Spellbound, he watched them, then with a twig poked the dying embers, but no angry spirit jumped forth to denounce his desecration.

So Ping-ti recorded discovery number two; that ancestors do not live in tablets of wood; a discovery that would touch almost every Chinese home.

This was the beginning. The end came when a missionary, a woman almost as old as grandmother Fang, came to tell them what did happen to those who die; and she told of the place Jesus has gone to prepare, a happy home with every need supplied. And both grandmother Fang and Ping-ti believed it, nodding approvingly as the messenger of Jesus told the glad news; and they accepted Jesus Christ that day.

Then no more need sham money be burned at the grave of the grandfather. No more need the tired, tiny feet of Grandmother Fang climb steep steps leading away from the house to the grave. And no more did the ancestral tablet reign supreme in the home. But on the shelf where the tablet had stood, Ping-ti, one Sunday, placed seven chopsticks. Each day he removed one, until there was only one stick left. By this these two new disciples knew what day was the Lord's day, for the stores and theatres do not close at Nan-yang on Sunday. Thus Ping-ti made another discovery; and never again was the Sabbath forgotten in that home.

Just one more discovery. It was in the early morning, and Ping-ti, Bible in hand, was spelling out the words, and looking for a verse to learn, when he found this:

'For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace.'

'Why, that is what Ping-ti means, the "Prince of Peace," the boy shouted.'

And with a wild whoop of delight, he bounded into his grandmother's room exclaiming:

'I've made a discovery: Jesus and me have the very same name!'

And Grandmother Fang's joy was so great that she never even stopped to correct his grammar.

## What Two Blind Men Couldn't See.

There was a friend of mine preaching on Glasgow Green a few years ago, when some one from the crowd called out, 'May I speak?' After getting permission he pushed his way through the crowd, until he was standing on the platform beside my friend.

'Friends,' he exclaimed, 'I do not believe what this man has been talking about. I do not believe in a hell, I do not believe in a judgment, I do not believe in a God, for I never saw any of them.'

He continued talking in this way for a while, when another voice was heard from the crowd, 'May I speak?' The infidel sat down, and the next man began:

'Friends, you say there is a river running not far from this place, the river Clyde. There is no such thing; it is not true. You tell me that there are grass and trees growing around me where I now stand; there is no such thing; that also is untrue. You tell me that there are a great many people standing here. Again I say, that is not true; there is no person standing here save myself. I suppose you wonder what I am talking about; but, friends, I was born blind. I never have seen one of you, and while I talk, it only shows that I am blind, or I would not says such things. And you,' he said, turning to the infidel, 'the more you talk, the more it exposes your own ignorance, because you are spiritually blind, and cannot see. Dear friends, try the life that Christ lived. There you will find life and love and everlasting joy.'—R. B. Stewart.

## Loyal Canadians.

We all knew we were loyal on Victoria Day, didn't we? with flags and banners and fireworks and noise. But there was something deeper than that in many a heart, a thought perhaps not clearly defined, but which, put into words, might well be 'Our late beloved Queen—we honor her memory.' 'Our King—God bless him! May we be worthy of the heritage of the past and measure up to the responsibilities of the present.'

One immediate service our boys and girls can do for their country is to see that EVERY SCHOOL IN CANADA has a good flag. If you are not provided already, we'll help you get one WITHOUT A CENT OF OUTLAY. And we will supply any home on the same basis. Write to our Flag Dept., and let us tell you our plan. See advt. on another page.

# LITTLE FOLKS

## The Little Pigs That Played in a Garden.

(By Julia Lewis, in the 'Weekly Welcome.')

The garden was a very beautiful spot. There was grass in the middle, and all around, close to the fence, grew many kinds of sweet-smelling flowers. The little pigs that played in the garden did not walk upon four legs each, but upon two legs each. They neither grunted nor squeaked, and strange to say the name of one was Lillian, and the name of the other Judy. These two thought the garden the loveliest spot they had ever seen. Some one else thought it a lovely spot, and that was Jasper, who was visiting his grandmother next door. There was a loose board in the fence, and by working it a little looser, Jasper managed to remove it, and then he could see very well into the garden. Presently, he said to Judy, who was bending over the pansy bed near, Lillian being on the other side watering:

'Hello! You've got a fine garden.'

'We've got lots and lots of flowers,' she replied.

'Please give me a pansy,' Jasper begged.

'I won't,' Judy promptly replied. 'Aunt Juliet said Lillian and I could have 'em all for ourselves—every single one.'

'I should think you'd like to give some away, you've got so many,' Jasper said longingly.

'We don't,' Judy said, firmly. 'Go away, boy. You can't have any.'

'Your sister 'n' you are pigs,' Jasper said hastily and impolitely.

'We're not! We're just little girls,' Judy hastened to declare.

'You are two pigs!' Jasper insisted. 'Pigs always want to keep things to themselves.' And then he ran off, crying at the top of his voice: 'Pigs! Pigs! Pigs!'

Judy, in turn, ran into the house, crying! 'Aunt Juliet! Oh, Aunt Juliet, are Lillian and I pigs?'

'Why, of course not, darling,' Aunt Juliet answered, looking up from her desk.

'The boy next door says we are, just because I wouldn't give him a flower.'

'That wasn't very kind of him; but then it wasn't kind of you, dear, to refuse him a flower,' Aunt Juliet said, taking Judy upon her knee, and wiping away the tears that had gathered in the blue eyes.

'But you said they all belonged to Lillian and me,' Judy cried.

'So I did, dear. But I did not mean you were not to give any away. I meant that I would not claim them,' Aunt Juliet explained. 'You may give some to the boy, if you wish.'

'I don't,' Judy promptly replied. 'We want to keep every one. They're so nice, and you know we haven't a single flower at home, Aunt Juliet.'

'Yes, I know, Judy. I think that is why I gave all my flowers to you. I wish you would spare a few for the boy. I've always shared the flowers with those who cared for them. Last year, when the asters grew so tall and beautiful, I took some to church and placed them on the altar. I was very glad I had them to give. I've never thought of keeping them to myself.'

'He called us pigs,' Judy murmured.

'That really wasn't nice of him,' Aunt Juliet replied. 'Still, I wouldn't remember it against him, Judy. Instead, I'd give him a bouquet of pansies. Why, the nicest thing about having flowers is to share them with others, I've found.'

Judy sat still for a moment, then she said: 'Pansies have such dear, soft little faces, I believe he'd like them better 'n' any other kind.' Then she slipped down from her aunt's knee and ran into the garden to her sister.

'Lillian,' she said, 'we're going to give some of our pansies to the boy next door, because he hasn't any in his garden.'

'All wight,' Lillian answered. She was always willing to do whatever Judy did. Their mother somtimes said that this ought to make Judy careful of the example she set.

Judy had just finished picking a nice bouquet when the boy's voice, right at her elbow, made her jump.

'Mercy! you scared me so!' she cried.

'I didn't mean to; you couldn't hear me walking over the grass,' Jasper said. 'I came to 'pologize. I'm sorry I called you pigs.'

'But it was unkind of me, too,' Judy hastened to say, looking at the boy with sweet, friendly eyes. Then she laughed. 'Guess who these are for!'

'Not—not——' the boy began doubtingly.

'Yes, for you. Every one. Aunt Juliet says the nicest things about having flowers is sharing 'em, and I think so, too,' Judy explained.

Jasper took the flowers, and, with a hurried 'thank you,' ran to show them to his grandmother. Pretty soon he returned with a cooky for each girl and one for himself. And how happily they all played in the beautiful garden!

## Where They Found Ephraim.

Ephraim was sleepy. He had followed Danny upstairs. Danny was sleepy, too. His mother was busy in the kitchen, and had not heard her little boy's feet clumping up the stairs. But Ephraim had; his ears were sharp. So he crept up behind Danny. When the top stair was reached, Danny began to yawn, and so did Ephraim on the stair behind him.

'I dess I'll have a nap,' lisped Danny, climbing on his mother's bed.

'I would like to go to sleep, too,' purred Ephraim—'but not on the bed! I got a whipping the last time I slept there.'

So he crept softly across the room until he reached the closet door. It was ajar. Ephraim's paw opened it wider.

'I'll climb into that basket; it will be a softer place than the bed,' purred the cat.

He curled himself up among the heap of clothes in the basket, and had soon purred himself to sleep.

Danny woke from his nap first—a long time first! When his mother came upstairs he was sitting up in the middle of the bed, rubbing his sleepy blue eyes, and wondering how he came there.

His mother dressed him in a clean white dress, and told him to go down stairs and play with Ephraim.

'I tan't find Efwum, mamma!' Danny called from the foot of the stairs, after he had searched in every room for his pet.

'He was in the dining-room just after dinner, dear,' his mother called back.

'Well, I tan't find him now,' answered Danny. 'I've hunted ev-y-where for him.'

'Perhaps he has gone to sleep somewhere,' Danny's mother said, in a comforting tone, as the little boy came trudging back up the stairs, calling, 'Efwum!' 'Efwum!' at every step.

But at supper time the little Angora kitten with a long name had not made its appearance, and Danny went to bed in tears.

In the morning the search for Ephraim began again. As he scarcely ever went out of doors, it did not seem possible that he could have run away; so

every room and closet and nook and corner was searched, until Danny's little feet were so tired that again he climbed to his mother's bed and this time he cried himself to sleep.

When he awoke the telephone bell was ringing—22-2! 22-2! 22-2! M.! How it did keep going!

Danny slid from the bed and ran to call his mother. He met her coming up the stairs, for she, too, had heard the three rapid calls, and was hurrying to answer them.

Danny stood very still beside her, listening. He always liked to hear his mother talk through the funny black tube. The voice at the other end sounded so much like Punch and Judy.

'Hello!' his mother's soft voice was saying. Danry thought she ought to speak louder, so the one at the other end could hear better.

But in a minute or two he heard a far-away voice calling: 'Are you 22-2?'

'Yes, 22-2,' his mother answered; and then in a low tone to herself, 'Why it is the laundryman! What can he want?'

'Have you lost a kitten?' came through the tube.

Danny could not possibly wait another minute. He put his lips up close beside his mother's and in his little piping voice shouted, 'Yes; we've lost Efwum!'

'Well, if it is a kitten you mean, it is here with your clothes—jumped out of the basket when we opened it. We've fed it and will keep it until called for. Good-by!'

That night a very happy little boy clasped a long-lost kitten in his arms; while Danny's mother declared that she would never leave the cover off the basket again, for she would much rather wash Ephraim at home than send him to the laundry.—Helen M. Richardson, in Zion's 'Herald.'

## Katie.

I had a little pony and I called him Dappled Gray!' sang Valerie, as she came skipping into the room. They were going away to grandmother's for five long weeks! What a joyous time they would have! Nothing but play from morning till night; no kindergarten, no anything to bother them—just fun all day long!

But Katie—poor Katie! What would she ever do without them? No little girls to hug and pet her—she would be so sad and lonely!

'Come, mother, please come out and see how we've tried to make Katie happy until we get back again.'

So they led mother out with them into the garden to a little house all Katie's very own. Opening the door, mother peeped in, and there, with a fine bed of fresh grass under her and a bunch of it in her mouth to keep her from getting hungry before their return, stood their dear dappled gray hobby-horse!—Mildred van R. French, in the 'Child's Hour.'

## The Wind.

(By Clinton Scollard, in the 'Child's Hour.')

O the wind is a faun in the spring-time
When the ways are green for the tread of the May;
List! hark his lay!
Whist! mark his play
T-r-r-r-l!
Hear how gay!

O the wind is a dove in the summer
When the days are bright with the wash of the moon;
List! hark him tune!
Whist! mark him swoon!
C-o-o-o-o!
Hear him croon!

O the wind is a gnome in the autumn
When the ways are brown with the leaf and burr;
Hist! mark him stir!
List! hark him whir!
S-s-s-s-t!
Hear him chirr!

O the wind is a wolf in the winter
When the ways are white for the horned owl;
Hist! mark him prowl!
List! hark him howl!
G-r-r-r-l!
Hear him growl!

## Honey Guides.

Mother, what are those lines on the morning-glories for?'

'Those are honey guides,' said mother. 'Each one of these lines runs into the center of the flower, where the honey is. God put them there, so when a bee lights on a flower it can go right to the honey; and that is what the bees go into the flower for, you know—to get the honey in the center of the flower. Now go out and sit under the morning-glory vines and watch the bees for a little while, and see for yourself.'

So Nellie ran out under the vines and sat down, and pretty soon a little brown bee came buzzing up to the flowers and settled down on one of them.

Nellie bounded into the house. 'O mother,' she cried, 'the bee did follow the line right up from the outside to the middle of the flower, and he got some funny yellow stuff on him, too.'

'That was pollen,' said mother. 'The bee will take that home to feed the babies.'

'Well, isn't that queer?' said Nellie, and she ran back out to learn some more about the bees.—'Olive Plants.'

## 'Four-and-twenty Black Birds.'

You all know this rhyme, but have you ever heard what it really means? The four-and-twenty black-birds represented the four-and-twenty hours. The bottom of the pie is the world, while the crust is the sky that over-arches it. The opening of the pie is the day dawn, when the birds begin to sing, and surely such a sight is fit for a king.

The king, who is represented as sitting in his parlor counting out his money, is the sun, while the gold pieces that slip through his fingers as he counts them are the golden sunbeams. The queen, who sits in the dark kitchen, is the moon, and the honey with which she regales herself is the moonlight.

The industrious maid, who is in the garden at work before her king, the sun, has risen, is day dawn, and the clothes she hangs out are the clouds. The birds, who so tragically end the song by 'nipping off her nose,' are the sunset. So we have the whole day, if not in a nutshell, in a pie.

## Charles's Father.

I have the best father in the world, but one way he's queer. Mother says he's absent-minded; that is, she says his mind isn't always where his body is. Father is generally thinking about his writing.

Dog Dan and I watch him when he goes off to the train every morning. One day he was going away for a week, and his bag stood on the piazza. After he said good-by he stooped down and picked up Mina's big doll, and carried it off to the depot instead of his bag.

I ran after him with the bag, and Dan ran after me, and he ran back with the doll. I gave the doll to Dan and the bag to father and ran to see him take the last car.

It's a great deal of care to have an absent-minded father.—The 'Mayflower.'

## An Honest Confession.

A late writer in the New York 'Times' says, 'Tobacco is a nerve sedative, undoubtedly, but it plays havoc with the nerves of most men. With many of us when the nerves are fretted, the brain fagged, a good cigar will waft us into Elysium for say two hours, if so long; after which we settle into a gloomier dejection than before. At least I am always rudely and ruthlessly bundled out of the Elysium to which I was pleasantly wafted on the fumes of the cigar; that is when I in this way seek relief from the fever and fret, or try to coerce my brain into working when it would rather not. Work got from cigars is like money borrowed. The interest is terrible. But in our time, from what one sees, and from all one hears and reads, the extent to which narcotics and opiates are indulged is truly alarming.'

## Alcohol a Brain Poison.

(By A. Beattie, in the 'Temperance Leader.')

George Easton reached the highest watermark ever reached in medical science when, as an Agent of the Scottish Temperance League in all parts of Scotland, he published the fact, 'Alcohol is a brain poison.' He was an educator of men on the most important facts in individual and in national life. In meeting an opponent he had not the ready utterance of John H. Smith. Still he sometimes hit hard. At Banff, on one occasion, George was at his best on the brain poison. One of his hearers stood up, and remarked that he had used alcohol all his life and it had never injured his brain. George took stock of his chairman, and also measured his man. Then he said this state of things was easily accounted for; the gentleman who had just spoken had no brain on which alcohol could operate. On another occasion, at the close of his lecture, a man in black approached him, and put the question of how much salary he had. George told the sum. 'Remarkable!' was the reply given; 'that is as good as plenty of ministers of the Gospel have.' 'Yes,' said the lecturer, 'and a good deal more than plenty of the preachers of the Gospel deserve.' Guided by commonsense and by reason, the League has always held to the road. Have-nothing-to-do with-it. On this high ground we have always stood. 'Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.'

Alcohol is up for trial as it never was before. Great men have spoken on the great occasions. The result generally is very disappointing, as 'alcohol was used by the body as food.' Tom Dunnachie, of the League, frequently demonstrated on the food question. He proved that in the manufacture of alcohol the food of the people—the grain—was robbed of its nutritious parts, the blessing was turned into a curse, the food tortured into a poison. He stood by Dr. Lees, and both stood by the will, the work, and the purpose of the Creator. In the manufacture of alcohol we find the food of more than two millions annually destroyed in the United Kingdom. The maker abstracts the life-giving power out of the grain, and the next step is that the article so made takes the life out of the people. Although it is a food, it is the only sort known which sends a man to beat his wife and starve his children.

The 'Daily Record and Mail' recently had an article on the drink question. It was of a high-class character. Where and when doctors fail, it will be good for our countrymen when the newspapers start ahead and lead the way. May I live to see that day. This observation is made by the 'Daily Record and Mail': 'Debate at the British Association has not advanced the question an iota.' This s plain speaking, and honest truth. Here, as in business, if a man does not keep up his shop to the times, he is left behind—he just drops out. I bear the doctors no ill-feeling, and would hurt none of them. When, however, they stand in the dark, they must just drop out. Further, one seems to feel that alcoholic influences of a varied kind have tended to obscure the issue. And so if a man looks at the drink question through a beer-bottle, the wine-cup, the whisky-glass, or the evening party, he shall never come to correct conclusions. The medium is obscured, and truth and duty cannot be felt nor seen through these. Try the drink question by the power and spirit of patriotism, by the love of our fellow-men, and by the character and claims of our common faith, and self-denial is the issue.

The 'Record and Mail' presents the case of a gentleman who lived to a very old age. His daily allowance was a quart of beer, and he never felt any disadvantage. What is to be said for such a case? Note first, this gentleman is at the top, and, like topers, he does more for the beer than the beer does for him. Then next, such cases cannot settle the question. Where are the men who began to drink with him? He stands; but how many have fallen—have gone down by his side? In the battlefield a man may come out of the hottest part and not have a scratch on head or heel, but you must count the numbers dead or wounded to find the character of the engagement. Well, a hundred thousand graves are opened every year to take in the victims of liquor-drinking. And what a life those thousand lived! There is such a thing as a man glorying in his shame. Are not the officers—the leaders—in the drink army in such a list.

While personally I give thanks for the article in the 'Record and Mail,' may I not feel it an honor in asking the following extract to have a place in the 'Leader?'—'Drunkenness is no longer tolerated in any but the lower sections of humanity. The doctors have, we are sorry to believe, done little to bring about this desirable state of matters. Their public wranglings make us wonder how and in what form they purpose to contribute to the ultimate settlement of the "drink evil." Their disagreements, however, ought to be a fresh incentive to the crusade of which moral suasion is the governing element. Each of us can do much to indicate to the medical profession that its indecision does not affect the legitimate tendency of the healthy thinker, with whom in the long run rests the triumph of nature over the pernicious manifestations that beset her growth and rob her of her glory.'

## 'Just Tobacco.'

A cigar never hurt any one—if it was left alone.

The unselfish tobacco user has yet to be born.

Tobacco is useful for destroying vermin.

If your dog started to use tobacco you would probably shoot him.

If your wife or sister started to use it you would probably be disgusted, but yourself—ah! that's different.

One smoker makes many; and not one is improved in the making. A Christian smoker is apt to make more smokers than Christians.

Your tobacco costs you more than the money you pay for it. Impaired health, lessened labor power, waste of time, loss of will-power, diminished Christian influence; these are some of the things tobacco costs some of its users.

Tobacco and chivalry are foes.

Jerry McAuley claimed that no drunkard ever reformed permanently unless he abandoned the use of tobacco.

The church is too sacred to be fouled with tobacco smoke; so is the home; while the body of a man is more sacred than either.

If your body really belongs to God, can you consistently put a pipe between your teeth, or fill your mouth with the poisonous weed?

Tobacco is too often the first step in intemperance.

Don't whine when you are hit. Don't hide behind some other man. Don't plead weakness. Face your foe—and fight it.

You can quit if you will. It isn't easy, but it is possible.

The theory that cigarette-smoking will injure a boy, but pipe-smoking will not hurt a grown man, somehow does not sound quite logical.

The parents who wish their boy to follow their example by learning to use the weed are very few in number.—'Christian Guardian.'

## Temperance Hymn.

(Dedicated to all Temperance Workers, by J. Pugh Perkins.)

Deliverer of Thine ancient host,
When Egypt's bondage harassed most,
Thou led'st them forth by Moses' hand,
And gavest rest in Canaan's land.

We blest Thee that in later days
Dark Afric's sons sang forth Thy praise,
When Britain broke the slaver's yoke,
And to the world for freedom spoke.

A subtler slavery we deplore,
Which binds our people more and more,
Decoys the young, degrades the old,
And woman in its mart is sold.

Strong drink in Titan strength defies
The home, the Church, in trade disguise
And fierce the uncertain war has waged,
Thy friends and foes so long engaged.

O God of Hosts, to Thee we call,
Let Alcohol's power before Thee fall,
Then joys untold, from strand to strand,
Our pride shall be, a sober land!

—'Alliance News

## Alcohol and Posterity.

In an article entitled 'How Alcohol Weakens,' in 'Le Bien Social,' in answer to the argument that hardened drinkers often live to an advanced age, an example is given to show how, when the drinker himself escapes, it is often his descendants who expiate the sins of the father. A vigorous man, an alcoholic from his 36th year, died at the age of 76. He had four children, of whom one boy died from meningitis, aged 9; another son died of tuberculosis at 46. A daughter still lives aged 46, but her daughter of 11 suffers from neurosis; another child died of meningitis, and a daughter of 22 is suffering from tubercular laryngitis. In short, here is a family having at its head a man on whom alcohol did not seem to have any effect, seeing that he lived to 76, but two out of the four children and two out of the three grandchildren were tubercular subjects.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## Religious News.

A Teachers' Congress will be a unique part of the International Sunday School Convention programme at Louisville, Sunday afternoon, June 21, in the Union M. E. Church. Rev. Herbert M. Moninger, of Cincinnati, Ohio, Teacher Training Secretary and Editor of Lesson Helps of the Christian Church, will be in charge. There are 1,500,000 Sunday School Teachers in the United States and Canada, and the influence of this Congress will go out into every part of the International field.

At the last annual students' camp of the United Provinces between 60 and 70 delegates were present. The daily programme was much like that of a students' conference at Northfield. In an account sent to the 'Church Missionary Society Gazette,' the writer says:

'Missionary meetings in the home land are usually an inspiration, but I doubt if I have ever felt more deeply stirred than at the missionary meeting the night when the claims of the National Indian Missionary Society were brought before the students. Only Indians spoke. A new hope has inspired us all, the vision of India's evangelization is no empty dream. Sixty students are going back to their colleges determined to 'make Jesus King," and by God's grace to win at least one non-Christian for Christ during the coming year and bring him to camp next year. Here is a power that can shake India.'

Joseph Chamberlain, one of the leading statesmen of Great Britain, has this to say on intemperance:

No statistics are needed to show our people that temperance reform lies at the bottom of political, social and moral progress of England. Drink is the curse of the country; it ruins the fortunes, it injures the health, it destroys the lives of one out of every twenty of our population. If I could destroy to-morrow the desire for strong drink in the people of England what changes we should see! We should see our taxes reduced by millions sterling; we should see our jails and workhouses empty; we should see more lives saved in twelve months than are consumed in a century of bitter and savage war.

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